



ASSASSIN'S CREED VALHALLA

SONG OF GLORY



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ASSASSIN'S CREED VALHALLA

SONG OF GLORY
ISSUE 1

NORWAY. MID-NINTH CENTURY CE.

As Viking clans reign across the region, peace between two mighty kingdoms is compromised when a sovereign village between the two territories is attacked. Engagement with the assault could yield a victory for one kingdom or initiate a war . . . Meanwhile, a quest for long-sought weapons of caliber begins . . .

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RYGJAFYLKE.

EIVOR,
WHAT ARE
WE GOING
TO DO?

DO YOU
EVEN HAVE
TO ASK?

KJOTVE'S
BASTARDS ARE
BUTCHERING
MY FATHER'S
PEOPLE—

SLURK



—WE
BUTCHER
THEM RIGHT
BACK.

LET'S JUST
TAKE A STEP BACK,
SHALL WE, EIVOR?
SEVERAL STEPS
BACK.

—THIS VILLAGE
IS ON THE BORDER
OF KING STYRBJORN'S
TERRITORY. TECHNICALLY,
THE VILLAGERS HAVEN'T
BENT THE KNEE TO
YOUR FATHER.

KLANG

THEN RESCUING
THEM WILL GIVE
THEM REASON TO
PLEDGE THEIR
ALLEGIANCE.

ARE
YOU READY,
TORA?

YOU KNOW ME, EIVOR.
ALWAYS READY TO
PUT BONESLICER TO
WORK. BUT AS MUCH
AS I HATE TO
ADMIT IT, DAG
IS RIGHT.

NO NEED
TO SOUND SO
SURPRISED.

DON'T WORRY.
I'M PRETTY SURE IT
WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN.



WE'RE
OUTNUMBERED AT
LEAST THREE
TO ONE.

THOK

I'VE
HEARD WORSE
ODDS.



ONLY
FROM THE
DEAD.

SPLACK



"--THAT GIRL
IS GOING TO
BE THE DEATH
OF US."

TEAR
THOSE HUTS
APART IF YOU
HAVE TO.

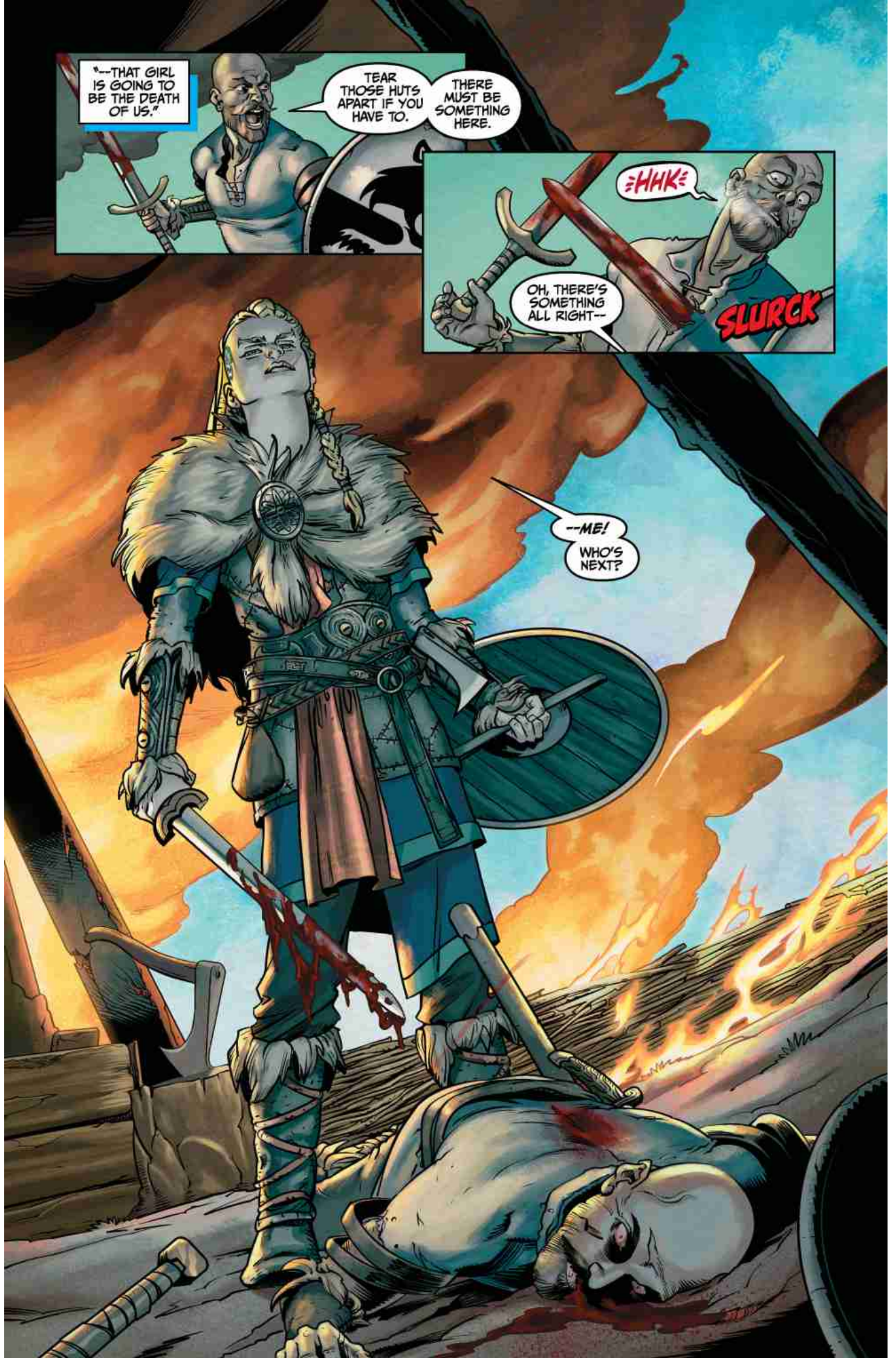
THERE
MUST BE
SOMETHING
HERE.

HHK

OH, THERE'S
SOMETHING
ALL RIGHT--

SLURCK

--ME!
WHO'S
NEXT?





THE DNIESTER TRAIL, BULGAR.

"GODS, I
MISS SIGURD."

CAN
I HELP YOU,
TRAVELER?

YOU
ARE THE
SWORDSMITH
THEY CALL
TEKIN?

I AM.

THEN I
HAVE COME
TO THE RIGHT
PLACE.

YOU REQUIRE
A SWORD OF
YOUR OWN?

I DO,
BY ASGARD,
BUT NOT
JUST ANY
SWORD.

I DESIRE A
BLADE WORTHY OF
BROKKR, BLACKSMITH
OF THE GODS. A BLADE
THAT WOULD SING OF
MY GLORY.

A
BLADE OF
CRUCIBLE
STEEL.

A BLADE
SUCH AS
THIS?

YES!
I SEE THE
STORIES
ABOUT YOU
ARE TRUE.

TELL ME--
WHAT IS HER
NAME? ALL GOOD
SWORDS MUST
HAVE A NAME.







SIGURD?

TYPICAL KNUD--
ALWAYS CHARGING
INTO BATTLE ONCE
THE VALKYRIES
HAVE FLOWN.



CAREFUL, COUSIN--
I COULD HAVE
YOUR TONGUE
FOR THAT.

YOU'RE WELCOME
TO TRY. MY NEW
SWORD NEEDS
BLOOD.

SHE'S A
BEAUTY.

INDEED
SHE IS.



PERHAPS
I SHOULD TEST
HER STEEL ON
THIS WHELP.

P-PLEASE.
DO NOT KILL
ME. I CAN
HELP YOU.

I DOUBT IT.
WE HAVE ALL
THE WEAPONS
WE NEED.



YES, BUT DO YOU
KNOW WHERE TO
USE THEM?

YOU WANT RICHES?
TREASURES? I CAN SHOW
YOU WHERE TO FIND THE
RICHEST MAN ALIVE.



DID YOU HEAR
THAT, COUSIN?
THE RICHEST
MAN ALIVE.

OH, IF
ONLY MY
SISTER WERE
HERE...

"...SHE WOULD BE HAVING
THE TIME OF HER LIFE!"

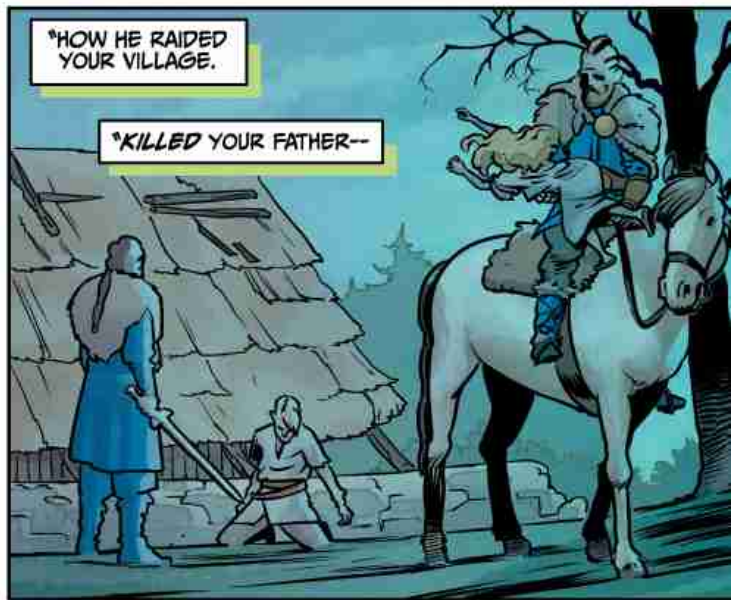




LOOKS TO ME THAT IT'S STYRBJORN'S LITTLE BRAT.

SORRY, I FORGOT. YOU'RE NOT ACTUALLY HIS, ARE YOU?

KJOTVE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT YOU.



*HOW HE RAIDED YOUR VILLAGE.

*KILLED YOUR FATHER--



--WHILE THE SON OF A RAT BEGGED FOR MERCY!



SO WHAT'S IT GONNA BE, EIVOR?

ARE YOU GOING TO STAND UP AND FIGHT, OR DIE LIKE YOUR FATHER...



LIKE A COWARD.



I'LL NEVER DIE ON MY KNEES...











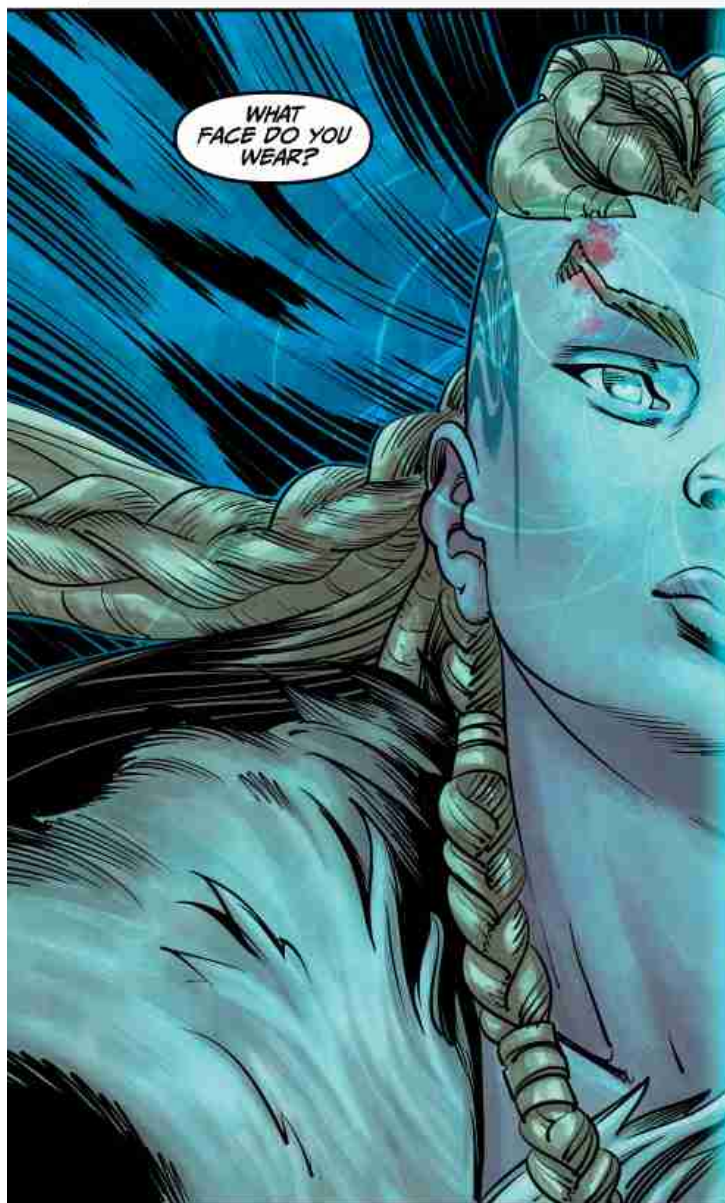


YOU'RE A SLAVE.

YES. GULL IS A SLAVE. SLAVE TO KJOTVE. SLAVE TO THE NORN. SLAVE TO SÖKKVABEKKR, SÁGA AND IDUN'S BOUNTY.



BUT WHO ARE YOU?



WHAT FACE DO YOU WEAR?



WHOSE SOUL DO YOU HIDE?



YOU'RE MAD.

MAYBE...MAYBE NOT. GULL'S HEAD IS FULL. FULL OF STORIES... STORIES OF THE ÆSIR AND VANIR...OF KJOTVE THE CRUEL.

YES...YOU LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT. GULL KNOWS YOU DO...

AND MAYBE NOW...STORIES OF EIVOR, LADY OF RAVENS, SLAYER OF THE WOLF? TAKE GULL WITH YOU AND SHE WILL SING SONGS TO SET YOU AMONG THE GODS.



GULL IS WISER THAN SHE LOOKS. YES. YOU WILL MAKE A FINE GIFT.

A GIFT? FOR WHO? THE HANGED GOD HIMSELF?

NO... BUT THE NEXT BEST THING...

STAVANGER.

"...MY FATHER!"

HMPH.
SHOULDN'T WE
BE WELCOMED
WITH WOMEN
AND SONG?

JUST
CONCENTRATE
ON HOLDING YOUR
GUTS TOGETHER,
DUNGBREATH.



TORA IS RIGHT, DAG. THERE'S
NO NEED TO WORRY YOUR
GRUBBY LITTLE HEAD.

THE MEAD
WILL FLOW LIKE
HONEY WHEN
FATHER HEARS OF
OUR VICTORY.

"HAVE NO
DOUBT."

YOU DID
WHAT?!







NEXT ISSUE: NO GUTS, NO GLORY!

On sale November 18th!

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

